

TORONTO, MARCH 17, 1914.

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WAR CRY



THE OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

TITLES

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E. W. BARNES.



Attorney Johnson, in the ex-



THE COMMANDANT

Writes a thrilling page
for the EASTERN WAR CRY.

MRS. BOOTH

Promises to Write and Music
of a New Song for the
EASTERN SPECIAL.

THE DEVIL ON TRIAL
IN CHICAGO.

BY DANIELIAN RUTHER BROWN.

(From the New York "Cry.")

For some weeks past Adjutant Winchell had been announcing that the devil was to be tried by judge and jury, on the charge of robbery and murder. The trial had been well advertised, and at the time for opening the court, the Princess rink was packed, despite the very wet night that it was. Much interest was taken in this great case, as was shown by the eagerness of the people to turn out in the rain.

To doubt Mr. W. C. A. Hall, readers will be interested in the verdict of the jury, so this report is for the benefit of those who were unable to be present.

The Salvation Army Court room.

315 W. Madison Street, Chicago.

The Salvation Army vs. the Devil, alias the Serpent, alias Satan, alias Science, so called.

Before Judge Dr. Beebe, and a jury.

Appearances.

For plaintiff, W. W. Winchell, Esq.; for defendant, John Johnson, Esq. After the Princess had delivered a few sentences, as they only can do, the court was opened by Clerk Voseberg, with the usual, "Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye, etc."

Just previous to this, Attorney Winchell in a few words, asked God's blessing to read upon the trial, and that the jury might render a fair and impartial verdict. The jury, being composed of twelve honest men, of course everyone expected they would.

To start with, Attorney Johnson objected to the case proceeding, on the grounds that the defendant was not present, and he moved for a postponement of the case.

Attorney Winchell held that the defendant was present, and as proof of this statement, he introduced from the Bible a few such passages as Job ii. 1: "And Satan came also," etc. This caused a second objection from Mr. Johnson, who seemed to be ever alert to gain a point for his client, upon the Bible being used as evidence in this case.

Mr. Winchell said that as all the true moral and political laws of the universe were based on this Book it should be admitted as evidence. After some wrangling between the lawyers, the Court announced its decision to allow the Bible to be used as evidence.

The Court then asked if the defendant was present in the court room, and there being no response, he asked further if he was represented by counsel. A meek "Yes!" from Attorney Johnson, and the Court ordered the case to proceed.

Attorney Winchell, in enumerating his charge, said that he intended to prove the devil to be a robber and murderer, and that all wrong came from him. He went about the world in the shape of infidelity and "Higher Criticism," and robbed people of right logic, of peace, joy, manhood, and all happiness.

His charge took ten minutes, the full space of time allotted to each witness or attorney. He went on to say also that he would prove that the devil robbed people down to an early grave by robbing them of physical strength and power of intellect, and also brought in several passages of Scripture to uphold his arguments, some of which can be found in the following passages: Rev. xii. 9, Gen. iii. 1.

Mr. M. Zillensky, the first witness for the prosecution, told that he was born in New York and raised in California. He had been intimately acquainted with the devil, to his own sorrow, for about a year and a half. He testified that the devil had caused him to rob till, and he had served three months for this depredation.

The witness seemed to be a very earnest young man, and the attorney had some difficulty in keeping him from doing all the talking.

Attorney Johnson, in the cross-examination,

tion, failed to score any point. Some of the questions and answers were as follows:

Q. You claim to be an intelligent young man?

A. Amen! I do.

Q. You have said to this judge and jury that you were convicted of burglary?

A. Amen! I was.

Q. You are sure that you have got over this habit?

A. I have, thank God!

Q. Now, then, Mr. Zillensky, you declare before this judge and jury that it was the devil caused you to commit this crime?

A. I do.

Next on the stand was Alfred James Brock. He had on the uniform of a cab driver, and said he was born in Hoboken, New Jersey, Australia. Claimed intimate acquaintance with the devil, and blamed that party for causing his loss of contentment, peace, and happiness, through leading a fast life in Paris, France. He had listened to a lecture on "Theosophy" by a lady in England (Mrs. Bennett), and got to be a believer in this doctrine himself. When leaving home, his mother told him to call on the Lord for help when in trouble, and about three months ago, just as he had picked up a gun to shoot himself, these words of his mother came to him, and he went to a religious meeting, led by Mr. Moody, and there got converted, and since then his happiness and joy has known no bounds. He blamed the devil, as an agent of light, for robbing him of this joy and peace for all these years.

Cross-examined by Mr. Johnson:

Q. Now, then, Mr. Brock, where you were born in Australia in a very wild country?

A. He lived with me three days in the Washington Home, a few doors from here; I saw him there.

Q. Will you please tell what he looked like?

A. He had a tail, he had horns, and had fire coming out of his mouth and his eyes, and he was coming right for me with a pitchfork. I was afraid of him, and got under the bed; he followed, and I got the worst of the battle, for I was put in straps over it.

At this point in the trial Mr. Johnson demanded that the Court place some responsible man in charge of the jury, as he had been informed that someone had been passing notes up to some of the jurors.

His Honor asked if any of the jury had received bribes, which was answered in the negative by each juror.

A benchman in uniform went to take charge of the jury, but counsel for the defendant again objected, inasmuch as The Salvation Army was a party in the trial, and therefore one of its members should not be in that position. This point was soon settled by our good friend and brother Mr. A. S. Livermore taking the place of the benchman, and the trial was resumed.

Cross-examination by Mr. Johnson:

Q. What age were you when you left the city of London?

A. Fourteen years of age.

Q. Will you please state to this judge and jury at what age you first made the acquaintance of this defendant?

A. Fourteen years.

Q. You were a pretty good little boy up till this time?

A. Yes.

Q. How old are you?

A. Twenty-four years.

Q. Where were you born?

A. London, England.

Q. Are you acquainted with the devil?

A. Yes, sir.

Q. How long have you been acquainted with him?

A. About twenty-one years.

Q. Do you know that the devil is a robber?

A. Yes.

Q. How do you rob you?

A. Yes; he robbed me of the joys of my home, clothes, peace and happiness, and other things that should have been mine.

Q. Did he ever rob you of money? Objected to by Mr. Johnson, who said attorney for prosecution was leading every witness who took the stand.

The Court: Objection sustained.

Q. Has the devil robbed you in more than one case?

A. Several cases.

Q. What was the result?

A. I was a drunkard for twenty years in the city of Chicago.

Q. Then you could testify that the devil lives in Chicago?

A. Yes.

Q. How do you know it?

A. "Shorty," "Shanks," the "Worcestershire Wonder," and "Chutney Sauce Chutney."

Q. How did you get acquainted with those men?

A. I was a bar boy and there got acquainted with the pugilists.

[To be continued.]



A. I don't know; I was too young to say.

(Laughter.)

Q. How do you know it was the devil led you in this life of sin?

A. It was the devil through this woman.

Q. Then you are sure that it was the devil caused all this devilishness in your life?

A. I am.

James Gorman testified; direct examination by Mr. Winchell.

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[To be continued.]

A TRUE GENTLEMAN.

A writer in a Cleveland newspaper tells the following anecdote of a true nobleman: — "A slender, white-whiskered, brave-eyed man sat near the fare-box in the upper end of an F Street car this afternoon. He was chatting to a lady at his side, and his black eyes sparkled, and a most winning smile beamed over his weather-beaten face as the conversation went on. The car stopped, and I was surprised to see him jump to his feet, and walk rapidly to the door. As my eyes followed him they rested upon a little fair-faced

Hunchback on Crutches,

who was trying to get into the car. She had the face of a child and the body of a mature woman, but that body contorted and twisted and dwarfed out of all human proportion. I saw this slender, gray-whiskered, brave-faced, dark-eyed man bend over her to ask her where she wanted to go. She told him, and her face lighted as he assured her that this car was the right one. Then, addressing her with as much courtesy as though she had been the President's new bride, he asked her if he might not help her into the car. She thanked him, and putting his hands under her arms, he lifted her over the steps, and placed her crutches beside her. He tipped his hat and then resumed his seat and conversation. This old gentleman was General Joe Johnstone, the great Confederate leader. Seventy-nine years old, he was double the age of any man in the car. His eyes were the first to see the trouble of the little hunchback, and his iron muscles were the first to come to her assistance. He did this kindness as though it were nothing, and as I saw the unassuming way in which he bore himself, I could not help thinking of the old verse:

"The tenderest are the bravest, and the loving are the daring."

An Answered Prayer.

BY MARIA SIMPSON

(Recently enrolled in the "Home for Incapables.")

The following poem was written under great excitement, caused by burning indignation against those infidels, and semi-infidels, who were attacking the piety of our Lord. This prayer of January, 1899, is answered now. Little did I think, when these lines were written, that God had a place for me in the Salvation Army. What a mercy that the Holy Ghost can teach His ardent soldiers, no matter how dull they may be; and I was awfully dull. I thank Christ, Jesus, our Lord, with all my heart, that He has enrolled me, as a soldier in His glorious Salvation Army, by His most loving child, our leader, Mrs. Herbert Booth.

THE PRAYER (January, 1899).

Oh, Son of God, going forth to war,
Thy children gather, both high and low;
They stand Thy honor, Thy piety—
Yes, Thy very blood, so precious to me.
Thou comest to battle, Thou fightest and win,
Thy victor-God, please let me go too;
Oh, Captain dear, let me go with Thee,
And with Thee join Thy victory!

The army's cause is a hope forlorn;
He that steth in heaven will laugh them to scorn;
Thou art God of God, Thou art Light of Light,
The Father of angels and glory bright;
He will fight for Thee, He only Son,
And the victory is sure as already won;
Oh, Jesus, my God, let me go with Thee,
And share in Thy coming victory.

THE ANSWER (February, 1899).

Oh, Jesus, my Captain, Thou heardst my prayer,
And victor, O' the war, Thy victory to share;
Thy Salvation Army, so true and so brave,
Constantly witnesses, "Jesus can save."
Can save to the uttermost, all high and low;
Change sinners to saints, if to Him they will go.
A soldier in that Army is waiting for me;
By Thy grace, dear Lord, so glorious, so free,
Thy salvation soldier all death I will be.
Jesus, my Captain, accept my vow,
And crown with Thy blessing here and now.

AMEN.



EASTER CHIMES

- From the General and his Family
- comprises a Song from each
- person indicated.

Central Ontario Province.

BRIGADIER DE BARRITT.

BRIGADIER DE BARRITT AND STAFF-CAPTAIN JEWEL WARRING.

Ebenezer!

Linger Street.

Near made in the fountain. A real time of Holy Ghost power. Our hearts are full of love, ardent, glowing things. In the afternoon meeting deepest conviction. These girls came to Christ. At night four young men and a man and his wife got liberty. Christ at 11 o'clock, stood in body. Glory!—Sergeant Mrs. STEWART, E.C.

Unbridge.

How last report we have had some Holy Ghost times, and made in the fountain. We had Brigadier de Barritt and Staff-Captain Jewell Warring on a Saturday and Sunday. During these meetings we had five men called for salvation. It does us good to see souls coming to the Lord.—M. LUTHER for Bridge Mills and Wm.

Feverham.

If the front could be very stiff, but instead of being stiff they are a lively crowd. Most of them are very young, not more, I think, than a year old (I mean spiritually). They are good, earnest and simple. In spite of the stormy weather we are having good crowds. In one of our meetings a man who had been a professor for years came forward, confessed that he had grown cold in his soul, and promised God that henceforth he would give Him a whole-hearted service. We are expecting great things for here. There are getting quickened and God is working in the hearts of sinners.—Lieutenant ALAN ROSE.

Stokehouse.

It is some time since our little corner has been reported. However, we are steadily gaining ground. On Wednesday, the District Officer, Ensign McManus, and Lieutenant White visited us and although some were deeply convicted, yet they allowed that "not to-night" to decide for them. On Friday, Lieutenant Long arrived to help roll the old sheet on. We are determined to do our best to bring the unconverted of this place to Christ.—JAMES FARRER, Captain.

DARKE DISTRICT.

A Lively Gifford.

Ensign Turner has just completed his first tour round his new District, and having had the privilege of accompanying him over the greater portion of it, at his request, I do the following.

My own corps, Gifford, was the first on the list. I have been tried to picture to me a bleak and if that was not one we had on Monday, February 11th, then I am "out of it." Only a few were held enough to face the storm, but we had a happy time, nevertheless. Gifford was the next scene of battle. Two days were spent here. The writer was not present, but Ensign reports things in good condition. Captain Bell and Lieutenant Buckett in good spirits and busy making the necessary repairs, with which to make a new barracks an established fact. Captain Bell, on introducing his appeal for help his heart seemed right off with a vision of St. John's presence. The volunteer meeting was O.K. The building full and the presence of the Lord enjoyed. The night following, thirteen held officers were committed. Altogether, things look bright here.

Captain Bell and his staff had a banquet and public meeting on at WINDHAM. The drive there is a long one, and we had to stop at the house of a friend for dinner. In due time Wybridge was reached which, by the way, is an outpost from Midland. The well-kept tables were well prepared, and a march and general followed. Inside we had a good crowd. Lots of singing and testimony. Many under conviction, but no more. Missions was the next on the list. Two days were spent here. Mr. Turner's home, and this being the Ensign's first visit, not a little interest was created. The weather was unfavorable; nevertheless, a good crowd turned out. But, alas! also! Le Grappe had held his rubber hands on the Ensign. Of course, the people were not so well prepared, and we did our best. The grand old Gospel truths were proclaimed in song and testimony. Here then one felt their need of a Saviour, but no one yielded. The following night, although crowded, the Ensign was to the rescue, and although God's power was not so evident, we were bound to close again this time. Lieutenant

Brown, who has lately come to help Captain McManus, is in great glow over a revival amongst the children.

In closing let me say that Barricade is by no means on its death-bed. A host of good old faithful and some young converts are here on a victory. Thirteen converts were confirmed by Ensign McGillivray the last night of his tour. Ensign and Mrs. Turner are at home with their new appointment.—Captain ROSE, for Bridge Mills and Wm.

Lindsay.

DEAR EDITOR.—Just a card to let you know we had a victorious day yesterday. In some in crowds—enthusiasm; and better still, eight out of ten salvation at night, which makes eighteen since last report.—HARRIS G. CHAPMAN, Lieutenant.

Midland.

After six months' fighting, action have come to go. I have just got in my last week-end, which, without exception, was the best I have seen while here. Six professors came tonight, and in the halcyon wind-up of the night, four held up their hands, signifying their desire to be soldiers.—Captain F. McMANUS.

Hamilton II.

We have just had a splendid banquet, at which we had our new District Officer, and Captain, Lieutenants and Chaplains, from No. 1; also Captain from Oakville, and we had a most refreshing time. Good crowds, and lots to eat, and splendid attention. The District Officers had an old-time Salvation meeting, with choruses from the band boys sandwiched in between. You could almost have heard a pin drop while the Captain from No. 1, read the lesson, and made a most powerful appeal to men and women to leave sin, and come to the Saviour.—A. T. ROSE, Special Correspondent.

Routted.

EVERYWHERE.—Two weeks on Sunday, after a long, hard fight. The devil was entirely routed. God has been simply rewarding us for all our work. Hallelujah!

FRAGMENTS.

That which is not good is not of God's creation.

The best lives in all ages were lived above the realm of the legions of their day.

The secret of producing life is to have life.

Our relationship to God means victory over the world, the flesh and the devil.

The new creation is an absolute transformation and translation from the kingdom of darkness to the kingdom of light.

Graves and crucifixion are like the dew drops on a spider's web, there is no support in them in the hour of trial.

THE PASSING YEARS.

The more we live, more brief appears Our life's succeeding stages; A day to childhood seems a year, And years like passing fogs.

The glances current of our youth, How quickly fly, how swiftly, How like a river smooth, Along the giddy banks.

Not on the mountain's steep grows man, And nature's shade by cliffs; You stand, that measure life to man, Why deem you course quicker?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath, And life itself is night, Why, so we fear the halls of death, Feel we its tides more rapid?

It may be strange—but who would change Their course to slower speeding, When one by one our friends have gone And left our hearts bleeding?

Heaven gives our years of falling strength Remounting streams; And thus of youth a evening length, Prepared to their own time.

Letter From An Ex-Officer.

To the Editor of the "War Cry":

DEAR SIR,—I take this opportunity of telling you that the War Cry is a welcome weekly visitor to us. Although I am an ex-officer, yet I always feel a warm interest in the Army and its work. Many times I think God for my two and a-half years' experience as an officer, because I got a thorough training in Bible doctrine, as well as in matters pertaining to success in any sphere of life. I consider the Salvation Army College one of the best training schools for young men and women in the world, and I would strongly advise any young man or woman over-charged with content of their own abilities, to try it for a term or two. But to return to the War Cry. How I do enjoy the Commandant's "Territorial Topics," and the reports of his soul-stirring, soul-saving campaigns! How seriously I look for reports from old comrades, and old battlefields, and how rejoiced I am to know that many of them are still true to God and their colors!

I met a soldier on the train not long since; he was a journeyman and badge, which made him rather conspicuous among the well-dressed travellers. I began to question him on his objects for wearing the uniform (just to sound him) and, although a poor, illiterate individual, he gave good logical reasons, basing them on hygienic principles. He also informed me that the Lord didn't want me to wear starched linen, and that I should never be right until I had a red shirt on. To this last statement I did not, and I should not agree, but I was amused with the arguments brought out by that poor fellow in defence of his much-loved uniform. God bless him, he loved the badge that carried him over; and why shouldn't he?

I am living a long distance from any corps, and am deprived of the privilege of attending any meetings, but still God is keeping me beautifully moved, and if not engaged directly in soul-saving, I am endeavouring to let my light shine in the school room where God has seen fit to place me.

I first learned the secret of holiness in the Salvation Army, and, thank God, that secret is still with me. I rejoice to know that I am His and He is mine. I would also like to say, Mr. Editor, that I have a comfortable home in this, one of the most beautiful villages in the Province of Quebec, and I should be glad if any effort could spend a month or so with us this summer. Any officer weary in the night, could find a splendid place both to recruit his physical forces, and to what his her spiritual appetite.

Wishing you every success in your new appointment, and praying God's richest blessing on the Salvation Army, I remain, your brother as Christ, CHARLES W. FEENE, Principal, Massena, Que.

RESPECTABILITY.

What is it? It is one of the most powerful chains that bind men and women in perfect slavery. How shall we prove this to you, dear reader? Carefully search your own heart by asking yourself these questions: When the Spirit of God first drove you into the Salvation Army meeting, what hindered you from accepting that Spirit and complying with its requests? Did not your thoughts run something like this: I am not going forward in the Salvation Army; they are too low a lot for me; I do want to be saved, it is true, but I shall go somewhere else where I may be more respectable; and perhaps you have had honesty enough in your heart to speak it out to the men or women of God who talked with you, but did it stop there? You say: No; day after day conviction deepened; I sought peace in a respectable way, but I found it not; but more heavy grew my burden, more and more weight, until I grew desperate, the chain of respectability leading me tighter and still tighter, until I cried in all the agony of my soul: "Lord, save or I perish!" Then the first link of the respectable chain was broken, and you were ready to kneel at the Army pavement, and when Christ stepped in the love of your reputation and worldly honors were gone.

It was because Christ was humble that the Jews rejected Him, and what but the fear of lowering the scale of your respectability in the eyes of your neighbors caused you to pass that lovely converted outcast without giving her a helpful word, which, had you given her, perhaps might have helped her almost into the very gates of heaven. Oh, for the sake of the dying millions, open your eyes and ears to the terrible fact that respectability is a gateway to hell, while the broad road there is paved with it, and leading its thousands into eternal destruction.

MRS. A. PORTER, Dresden.

"For they knew not to do right, with the Lord, who came up violence and robbery in their palaces."—Amos vi., 10.

THE HOLINESS PAGE.

"Conscience must have the assurance that God can be just, and yet the Justifier of the ungodly. This necessity lies deep down in your own nature; even the heathen feel it, on whom revelation has never dawned; hence they offer the fruit of their body for the sin of their soul, and inflict on themselves unheard-of tortures and cruelties. They feel that they are transgressors, and that they need something wherewith to appease justice, and so they try to make atonement for themselves. This necessity is so universal in man that those systems of religion which have not recognized and met it have made but little headway in the world, and must ultimately, with all others that fail to meet the innate crying need of the soul, dwindle and die."—**"LIFE AND DEATH."**

A Full Salvation Bible Reading.

It is very essential after all that we should have a real Scriptural foundation for our belief in the possibility of being fully saved from sin and Master Jesus Christ.

Doubtless it is beautiful to be able to say that we were led to experience our need of full salvation by the testimony of some soldier saint, who already possessed it, but but better still if a declaration of that sort could be supplemented by an intelligent appeal to

God's Book.

and a "Thus saith the Lord."

Let it, then, be fully understood that God Himself has commanded every saint to be fully His, and altogether saved and cleansed from sin. And Jesus said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself." "Be ye holy, for I am holy." These two quotations from God's Book are only two of hundreds: time forbids the quoting of more, and a fair intelligent interpretation of the Scripture can only mean that God has commanded His saints in every place, and under all circumstances, and in all ages, to love Him with all the powers of body, soul, mind, and spirit, and be holy in every detail of life.

Realizing, however, that it is just as impossible for a man to cleanse himself from all sin as it is to obtain a pardon of sin by his own efforts, God has graciously come to our assistance, and has not only commanded us to do certain things, but has actually and really promised to do for us that which we cannot perform ourselves. Then, "For I will take you from among the heathen, and gather you from all countries; then will I

Sprinkle Clean Water

upon you, and ye shall be clean: from all your iniquities and from all your idols will I cleanse you. A new heart will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you; and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you a heart of flesh, and I will put My Spirit within you, and cause you to walk in My statutes, and ye shall keep My commandments and do them: and the Lord thy God will circumcise thine heart and the heart of thy seed, to love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, that thou mayest live." Who can read these promises—

Types of Thousands

more—remembering that He Who has promised is able to perform, and realizing that we are told that in Christ all fullness dwells? Fearless blessed promises, a thousand hallelujahs to God for everyone of them. Amen and Amen!

Full salvation is attainable. He Who has commanded us to be holy and has promised to work that change in our hearts and lives, has also clearly said that full salvation is attainable by all. "But of Him are ye in Christ Jesus, Who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification and redemption." "And be renewed in the spirit of your mind and that ye put on the new man, which in God is created in righteousness and true holiness." "To the end He may establish your hearts unblamable, in holiness before God, even our Father, at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, with all His saints." "For God hath called us unto holiness."

We cannot contemplate the provision of Christ, and fulness of redemption, without being impressed by the important part that the Holy Ghost plays in the regeneration of the sinner, and the purification of the sinner after holiness. There is that Spirit that convicts us of the need of

A Deep Work

of grace, that reveals unto us the impurity of mind and spirit, and enables us to realize our need of a further work of grace,

and just as the Holy Spirit of God perfects three functions, so it is deliberately said that the object of every worker for God should be the perfecting of the saints, and "He gave some apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors, and some teachers, for the perfecting of the saints, till we all come in the unity of the faith, and the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ." "And that ye put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness."

God has thus most emphatically said that full salvation is the duty and privilege of all, and that the aim and end of every worker of His, is to bring about the perfecting in love of those among whom they labor. Is it clear, then, that they seek? Then God has declared that they shall be

Whiter Than Snow.

Are they seeking to be crucified unto self and sin? Then we are told that he that is dead is free from sin. Is it a poor, moral leper that seeks the cleansing stream? Then God declares, "Ye shall be clean." "I will be their cleanser." Does the seeker after holiness realize that a patch

uniform, preserving, and lived holy at a time, and under circumstances, that would test the piety of many a nineteenth century soldier-saint. About Noah's generation, we know a little, and that man of God was just and perfect in his generation. And family cases and circumstances, that would perplex and try the faith of men, Job lived, and has a record of a perfect and upright man. Oh, for the dead unto sin! Oh, for the crucifying of self! Oh, for the creating of a new heart, and the renewal of a right spirit! Oh, for the purging away of all dross under the waves of God's cleansing stream! Oh, for a washing that shall make us whiter than snow! "Behold now is the day of salvation!" At this very moment, reader.

"It is good for me to draw near to God."

Try it at Y. W. C. A. Hall on Friday.

SINCE the sacrifice of Christ meets your deepest need, God has not blinked the fact of your uttermost guilt. He has looked the subject all round, and met the whole case by letting His Son, the eternal

What is FAITH that SANCTIFIES?

It is that act of simple trust which, on the authority of Christ's Word, says, "The blood of Jesus Christ does now cleanse me from all inward sin, and makes me pure in heart before Him; and I do here and now commit myself to Him, believing that He receives me, and that He will evermore keep me holy while I thus trust Him."

When a soul thus trusts God, will he be, in every case made clean?

Yes, always—that is, if a soul, having the assurance that he does fully renounce all known and doubtful wrongdoing, and gives himself up to the will of God in all things, thus trusts God for full cleansing, he has the authority of God's word for believing that the work is done, no matter how he feels; and he must hold on to this faith until the feeling comes. If we would ever clean, we must (to this own promise) and just (to the suffering and agony of His Son, which purchased the blessing) to cleanse us from all unrighteousness.—1 John 1:9.—From "What the Salvation Army Teaches about Sanctification."—By the General.

put on his old heart would never do, or as the old lady said, the putting on of a new patch on her old nature. Then the prayer of that one should be, "Come in me a clean heart, O God." Is it a renewal we require? then we are promised a renewal in righteousness and true holiness. Are we approaching that goal? High praise, Who is touched with the feeling of our infirmities, then He is able to save right to the uttermost? Do we long to enter the experience of the fully sanctified? "Blessed are the pure in heart!" Is that seeker tempted to leave all to God without doing what is possible. Then should he remember, "He purifyeth himself even as He is pure." Are we tempted to seek that knowledge of full salvation by

General Growth.

or perched on the instrument by which we can obtain this blessed glorious experience, then we are reminded that our hearts are purified by faith! "He that hath clean heart, and a pure heart, shall enter heaven; and he that hath the law of his mouth, shall have his reward on earth, and bear the wrath of the Lord's house, walking worthy and blameless."

What blessed company is ours! Blessed walked with God; was righteous, obedient,

Word, offer a sacrifice which heaven, earth, and hell pronounced to be enough! Now you may safely venture your guilty soul on the virtue of that Blood; and the Divine benevolence can consistently run to meet you at the cross! "God was, in Christ, reconciling the world unto Himself." Will you come and meet Him in His own apostle, and not in His own Son? Once more I beseech you, in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God. Lay down your weapon of rebellion; give up your sin and iniquity; accept the offering which your Father has accepted for you, and be at one with Him. The Lord help you! Amen.

Think, O Jesus, for what reason Thou enteredst earth's sphere and trodden, how we love to that great cross.

Building us Thy work has been; On the cross Thy life and death tested; Let not all Thy love be wasted.

Look from heaven, Thy glorious mansion, See us weary in deep meditation, Weep and yield in full submission.

Every Salvationist's Easter Essential!

The "Special Number."

A GOOD CONSCIENCE.

What a blessing a good conscience is—a conscience void of offence towards God and man—a conscience sprinkled with the blood of Jesus, and cleansed from all dead works. It gives great confidence to him who has it. He fears not God as a Judge. He fears not Satan as an accuser. He fears not the world as a persecutor.

It creates an impregnable fortress in the soul, so that all the assaults of earth and hell, of men and devils, cannot force an entrance into it.

It inspires a man with courage and boldness in the pursuit and maintenance of what is right, and in the endurance of sufferings, for the Gospel's sake. It was a good conscience which sustained Jesus, the apostle, the martyr in all their persecutions and trials for the cause of the holy, the true, and the good.

It is a source of good things to his possessor. He who carries a good conscience never wants more in his soul or gladness in his spirit. It is a paradise of delights in a wilderness of woes; a mine of wealth in poverty; a feast of plenty at a board of scarcity; gigantic strength in physical weakness, and glorious liberty in chains of bondage.

It is a means of victory over many evil of life. Even death is disarmed of its terror and robbed of its sting by a good conscience. There is no fear of evil in the valley and shadow of death, with this rod and staff comforting the soul.

It is, next to God, the best friend that a man can have to accompany him in life. As Thomas à Kempis says, "It will be a sword to defend him, a staff to support him, a pillar of fire to lead him, a dove to nourish him, a furnace to cleanse him, a mirror to refresh him, a feast to delight him."

"A good conscience," with Augustine, "is the bed of God, the palace of Christ, the habitation of the Holy Ghost, the paradise of delight, and wherein every true pilgrim finds a rest."

"He that hath a good conscience," says Luther, "enjoys a continual security, and sits continually at that blessed and wholesome table, where angels are cooks and butlers, and the three persons in Trinity glad guests."

"What I mean is that a man who has a good conscience, the fleshly heart, the tender conscience gives, Quick as the apple of an eye, O God, my conscience make; And he will when it is night, And keep it still awake."

"And ye are Christ's; and Christ is God's;"

Testified to on Friday evening at Y. W. C. A., Elm Street.

The Commandment is to be there.

A True Consecration, or Surrender, lies in it the Nature of a Sacrifice.

Decidedly so. It is a real sacrifice. It is the presentation or giving away of all we have to God; a ceasing any longer to own anything which we have hitherto called our own, but all going over into God's hands for Him to order and arrange, and on taking simply the place of servant, to receive back again just what He chooses. This, it will be perceived, if it really is, is no easy task, and can only be done in the night of the Holy Ghost; but, when it is done, when all is laid on the altar—body, soul, spirit, goods, reputation, all, all, all, then the fire descends, and burns up all dross and defilement, and fills the soul with burning zeal, and love, and power.

"I beseech you, therefore, brethren, by the mercy of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service." And be not contented to this world's so-called holiness, but seek to be holy in every way, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God.—Romans xii. 1, 2.

THE SO

JUST A MINUTE

Brief Summary of Work
Colony Branch of the D.
Scheme.

WHAT HAS BEEN

8,241,990 Meals (at 1d. a
plied to London's poor
1,302,161 Shelters provided
men).

25,307 Unemployed registered
Bureau.

11,050 Situations—temporary
ment, provided for work
6,215 Out-of-work sent to
"Elevator" workhouse

657 Ex-prisoners and out-of-
prison gates and help

WHAT WE ARE DOING

100,000 Starving men, women
and children, fed.

5,000 Homeless and destitute
women sheltered.

100 of the unemployed registered
600 "Submerged" out-of-
60 Ex-prisoners helped.

WHAT WE WANT

Extend all our operations
the Province.

WHAT CAN BE

£1 will enable us to be-
children.

£5 will provide a night's
supply bread to 1,200
less men.

£10 will defray the cost of
Home and Prison-gate
night.

£100 will ensure 100 of the
having the opportunity
months, of working
lost social positions.

£1,000 will defray the cost
new shelters.

Rescue work among fallen
work by resident officers, &
operations have been, and
only carried on, while our
tions abroad are as numerous
those at home.

The Salvation Army is
officers (wholly employed
countries, conducting our
meetings annually.

The above hard facts we
careful consideration

Home Work at

(From "Darkest England")

Portsmouth possesses a
naval establishment, and
pent. Shame on our nation
to do!

For two years, a steady
effort to combat the evil,
a little street, called Nobb's
in buildings formerly pas-
low beer-house, a Salvation
Home, Laundry, and
located. The Home is
bright and cheery, with
workroom, dining room,
with ample bathing accom-
old place is thoroughly con-
very atmosphere breathes
sanction.

The girls were singing
watches. One was a
who has been in the Home
She is receiving training
work, and

Her Mother, a Bre-
being on the watch for her
out of the building to a
dramily mean running her in-
tation.

We received 119 girls
1892, to the same month,
number, forty-two have be-
tious; twelve to friends;
Rome; five to laundry work
being taught to sew; &
temporarily; fifteen were
and remainder were left in

The Laundry is a great
brings in 20 or 25 weekly
proportion.

THE SOCIAL REVOLUTION.

JUST A MINUTE, PLEASE!

Brief Summary of Work done by the City Colony Branch of the Darkest England Scheme.

WHAT HAS BEEN DONE.

8,241,595 Meals (at 1d. to 4d. each) supplied to London's poor.

1,000,000 Blankets provided for homeless men.

25,000 Unemployed registered at Labor Bureaux.

11,000 Situations—temporary and permanent, provided for workless men.

6,215 Out-of-work men into our own "Elevator" workshops.

657 Ex-prisoners and convicts met at prison gates and helped.

WHAT WE ARE DOING EVERY DAY

100,000 Starving men, women and children fed.

5,000 Homeless and destitute men and women sheltered.

100 of the unemployed registered.

600 "Submerged" out-of-work employed.

60 Ex-prisoners helped.

Scores of distressed persons advised.

WHAT WE WANT TO DO.

Extend all our operations to London and the Provinces.

WHAT CAN BE DONE.

£1 will enable us to breakfast 1000 poor children.

£2 will provide a night's warm shelter and supply bread to 1,200 destitute, homeless men.

£10 will defray the cost of our Ex-prisoners' Home and Prison-gate work for a fortnight.

£100 will ensure 100 of the "Submerged" having the opportunity, for three months, of working their way back to lost social positions.

£1,000 will defray the cost of fitting up two new shelters.

Rescue work among fallen women. Bism work by resident officers, and Force Colony operations have been, and are being vigorously carried on, while our Social Institutions abroad are as numerous and active as those at home.

The Salvation Army has now 10,645 officers (wholly employed) in thirty-eight countries, conducting over two million meetings annually.

The above hard facts are committed to your careful consideration.

Rescue Work at Portsmouth.

(From "Darkest England Gazette.")

Portsmouth possesses both military and naval establishments, and prodigies is rampant. Shame on our nation that it should be so!

For two years, a steady and successful effort to combat the evil, has been made in a little street, called Noble Lane. There, in buildings formerly partially used as a low beer-house, a Salvation Army Rescue Home, Laundry, and Motopole, are located. The Rescue Home, proper, is a bright and cheery establishment, with workroom, dining room, and bedrooms, with ample bathing accommodation. The old place is thoroughly converted, and its very atmosphere breathes hope for the sunken.

The girls were singing happily at their wash-tubs. One was a children-head girl, who has been in the Home sixteen months. She is receiving training for the laundry work, and

Her Mother, a Brother-Keeper, being on the watch for her, to send her out of the building to any work, would simply mean running her into certain temptation.

We received 119 girls from December, 1902, to the same month, 1903, and of that number, forty-two have been sent to situations; twelve to friends; two to other Homes; five to laundry work outside, after being taught in here; ten were sent to temporary; fifteen were unsatisfactory, and remainder were left in the Home.

The Laundry is a great help. It now brings in £5 or £7 weekly, a great improvement.

"Are you successful, with these odds against you, in permanently rescuing girls?" asked the visitor.

The indefatigable Secretary was very positive.

"Certainly!" she replied. "In our house, occupied by three sisters and one brother, the eldest girl, only twenty-three, was living with a man, and rusted a house, the brother went out and

Fetched Sailors In

to his two young sisters, of nineteen and seventeen, and the whole family lived on the proceeds. We heard of the case, and sent get hold of the two younger ones; and one is now in service with a Christian family, and really moral. She was born sweet, so bright and happy, and writes such beautiful, pleading letters to her father, who is living in Portsmouth. The other sister is still in the workroom, and gives great promise."

"Do you not feel entering an accom-

FROM MISS WILLARD

To the "Darkest England Gazette."

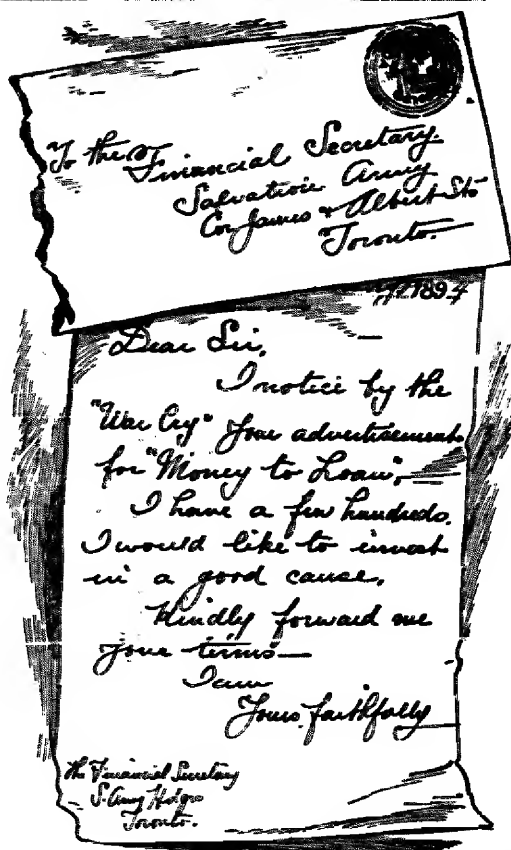
"REMARK, January 22nd, 1904.

"To THE EDITOR.—The Bible says, 'If a man will not work neither shall he eat,' and to my mind the Golden Rule demands that if a man will work he shall eat. Until we have applied these two principles to the everyday life of the world, we have neither a Christianized civilization nor a civilized Christianity.

"As I understand it, the good and great General Booth has founded a Social Scheme upon the purpose to help men and women to help themselves. He is doing on a large scale what wise philanthropists have long done on a small, and Government will, one day, be doing on a great. His undertaking (and that of the Salvation Army, for which I have an earnest and sincere regard, and of which I am an associate member), meets with my hearty sympathy, has my peer support, and shall have my small instance I may possess.

"Believe me, yours for the day when all men's work shall be each man's own, to me that day means the mastery of Christ in the customs of society and the laws of the land.

FRANK E. WILLARD.



"The Beggars Died".

(Darkest England Gazette.)

Gold is the world's heartstone to-night. The glimmer of sunset fades after: The rising moon sheds a ghastly light. Here and there glitters a lonely star

Down the quiet lane creeps a man forlorn, He is old, and hungry, and worn with pain;

He has wandered many a mile since morn, He never will travel these roads again.

The glowing dawn is somewhere near, Where a beggar may stretch a weary limb:

So he totters forward with hurried fear, For his strength is failing, his eyes grow dim.

Who, in the midnight, heard him groan? The earth was desolate as the sky!

Who marked him rigid grow on the stone? True his Maker, alone, that saw him die!

To her inner chamber the moon's with-
drawn,

The stars turn pale in the morning sky; On his marble brow falls the light of dawn, On his spirit, the light of eternity.

Oh, God, that a man should die like a bound,
Of hunger and cold, 'neath the night's dark pall!

Lord, when shall it be that on English ground
There'll be work, and shelter, and hope for all?

Oh, soon may the world's heartstone grow bright!
And love war mightily beneath the sea!

And freedom and misery take their flight,
And the black clouds flee when the tem-
pest's done.

J. HOLLIPS.

PAPERIES.

"THE SOCIAL PROBLEM originated simultaneously with the first great transgression of the law, and is one of the numerous Satanic propensities springing into existence as a direct consequence of the fall. Adam became an outcast from Paradise, a Social wreck and the progenitor of all the outcasts, prodigals, vagrant-lack-alls and out-of-work who constitute the great Army of Destitution.

But before Paradise was irrevocably lost, the glorious germ of victory was implanted in the bosom of the first man, and so all time the promise went forth, "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head and thou shalt bruise his heel." The bruising of the heel constitutes the Social Problem, with all its attendant train of sinfulness, selfishness, sadness, sorrow and suffering. The bruising of the head shadows forth the ultimate and everlasting triumph of Righteousness over Death.

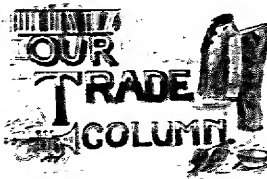
"It is in the strength of this divine power and glorious triumph that we work the Social Scheme of the Salvation Army."

CAPTAIN HART, M. D.



One of the most magnificent and discreditable exhibitions of wealth is that on exhibition at the Hammer gallery, where a model of the Eiffel Tower was made almost entirely of diamonds. There are 40,000 diamonds built up on a silver foundation. The lamps are represented by pearls, the stair cases and lifts are made of gold while the summit glitters with rubies and sapphires.

To think of this waste of the more purpose of exhibition whilst there are so many of our fellow creatures without bread to eat is enough to excite the righteous indignation of any child of God. However, for this we have little responsibility but we have the responsibility for the gifts, whether of money, talents or grace that God has given us. Oh, that we may be faithful stewards.



YOU MUST NOT READ THIS

If you are not interested in the Special Easter Number of the War Cry. It would be a waste of time.

IF YOU EXPECT

something extraordinary you will not be disappointed, for every effort is being put forth

TO

produce a most interesting Easter Cry. Original reading matter, better paper, fine ink, illustrated cover, first-class illustrations, and a fine art Supplement, will all

GO TO

make up a nice Cry that shall be appreciated by all who read it. The price will only be ten cents, although the fine Supplement is alone worth the price of the Cry and Supplement. If people grumble at ten cents being too much, they must not expect to get into

HEAVEN,

for there is no room for misers and growlers. Tell them I said so. We have gone to great expense to produce an A I War Cry, and are confident that officers and soldiers will pronounce it a good thing, when they see it.

BEAR IN MIND

that Spring is coming, and now is your time to order a New Suit. Send for Samples and Self-Measurement Forms, which will be sent free on application. If you live in Toronto

WHERE YOU HAVE

an opportunity to call at our stores, do not fail to call early, before the rush. Now, please, when you have

READ THIS

do not forget all about it, but at once think over your needs; find out how much money you have to spend, and then sit down and send in the order at once. I advise you to get a good suit, if you can at all afford it. Some people always buy cheap suits, and when they have worn them a few times it fades; gets shabby and looks very annoying. You should repeat

AND BLAME

yourself for spending little money often on a suit. A good suit will last you two or three cheap ones, and always looks good, tidy and clean, without showing all the colors of the rain-bow.

THE WRITER

assures you that we only buy fast colors in woollens. We have very cheap suits, indeed, for the good quality of material, and first-class fit, which we furnish to our customers. We believe it is better to pay a little more at first,

AND NOT

have the continual regret of having mispent a few dollars on a bad article. We give satisfaction, as we can show by many unsolicited testimonies from friends, officers, and soldiers. We have not had one from

THE EDITOR

(God bless him—mind the scissors)—simply because he has just arrived in our midst, but I fully believe, when the time comes, he will freely testify that we can suit even him.

Do not forget to order or write at once to THE TRADE SECRETARY, S. A. Temple, Toronto.

TEMPTATIONS OF AN OFFICER.

Though an officer's life is mostly all joy, there are times of darkest depression and temptations from the worst friend of all himself. Often do the soldiers whisper their doubts as they tell us of the "gray trial" and the strong temptations they are passing through; and how it seems to bless and cheer them to have a friend that they can tell their hearts out to, and have somebody to sympathize with them. But how often are officers

Tormented and Harassed

through "being tempted of the devil." No District Officer is around very often for them to tell out their heart to, and they are afraid to put it on paper, for fear that someone might see it. Whether drunk, it is very good to have a friend or comrade to talk to and get their help and sympathy, but there are times when we alone must meet the devil, and have to fight hand-to-hand with him, the same as Jesus did. We may not be able to have any earthly friend to help us, but "there is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother."

The strongest temptation to an officer, to my mind, is to "come down," and the field; a similar temptation to that of Nehemiah's, who was asked to quit his great work and

Come Down.

How many are smitten with the enemy as follows: "You can do so much good as a

No doubt there are many officers who do go back, and become good soldiers, and do good in the corps and the Army in general, and are justified in the step they took; but how many get back into the ranks that never should have been there.

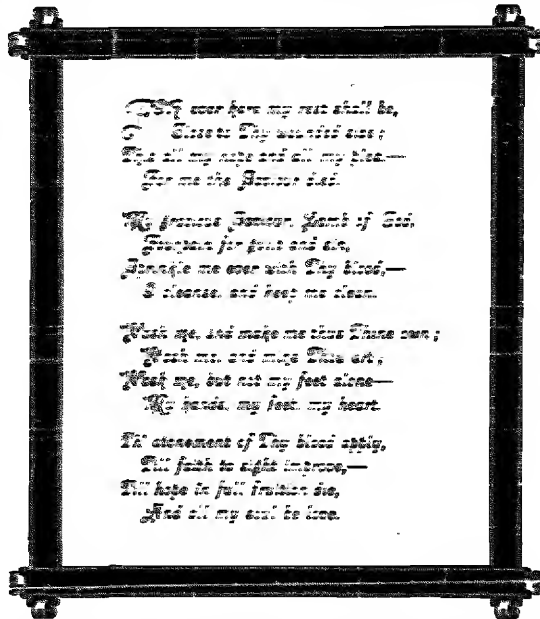
The way to settle the enemy on this score is to ask him who put you where you are, God or myself? If myself, why should the devil be so anxious to have you out of it? If God "took you," as He took David, Amos, and others, and made you His prophet, you will have no doubt as to the call, and can you "come down," when God has taken you and "set you apart" because you were godly? How can you go back when you are sent from God, His chosen ambassador?

Another temptation is, "You are no good; you're not a success." No earnest, whole-hearted officer will be in the dark as to whether their work has been a success or a failure. You will be able to look back and "size it up," and see what you have accomplished, and if you have been a success you will be a workman that needeth not to be

Ashamed of Your Career.

You might not have done as much as some other officer, but you will have done what you could. All have not the same talents and capacity.

How often does Satan offer false claims to officers to assist them in getting out: sickness at home; father or mother needs supporting; my own health is failing; I have a chronic sore throat, etc., etc. How many officers have accepted these claims,



*My dear heart my rest shall be,
O Jesus Thy word will be;
Thy all my hope and all my life—
For me the Father bid.*

*My precious Father, Father of God,
Forgive me for guilt and sin,
Simplify me over with Thy blood—
I cleanse, and keep me clean.*

*Thou art, and make me thus Thine own;
Thou art, and make me thus Thine own;
Thou art, and make me thus Thine own—
Thou art, and make me thus Thine own.*

*Thy statement of Thy blood apply,
Thy faith to right impure,—
Thy love to full fruition drive,
And all my soul be free.*

soldier, to a local officer, a secretary, or a sergeant-major. There are many advantages in being a soldier, to what you have as an officer. God is not particular as to where you work, as to how you work, so long as you are really doing something for Him. Look at Captain Ho-and-so, etc., they have gone back to the ranks as privates, and they get along all right; they seem to be filling a sphere of usefulness, and are a blessing to the corps and the Army, and they even seem to have Headquarters' blessing in going out. Why not I? Why can't I work at my trade, and get my old friends saved, and the people of the town?

Often does the devil say, "Oh, this Salvation Army work is a failure. Hope. Your time, and talents, and capacity are being wasted; you're throwing your life away. You labor like a slave night and day, week in and week out, and the years will come and go, and nothing seems accomplished, it's a life thrown away. You might have filled a far better and brighter life in some other capacity, and done as much for God. He does not hold you any more responsible than any other individual in the world; others have the same knowledge of souls going to hell, and they are

Not Condemned

for not taking the same course as I have. I don't see why I am any more responsible. God does not call all to the field, and even some who have been in the field have gone home, and are doing well spiritually, and God was there. Why can't I go and be a soldier like the others do?"

and have gone home, stepped down from their high and holy calling, who have repented in midnight and asked, and tell of broken hearts and blighted lives! What pleadings they would give to a tempted one to stick to it and not come down! Remember what an inference follows a holy, godly officer; how the WAR CRY is assumed to see where to they are now with new wine. God has not exhausted His supply of grace and blessings; you can be as fresh and full of the Holy Ghost as in the beginning of your warfare.

Well Rejoice;

has a special jubilee, and stir themselves up to greater activity to ruin more. How the angels weep, and the redeemed comrades who have finished their career and gone to heaven and wait for us, look down and seem to say, "There is mourning in heaven today."

You started out on the warpath with a rush, and were as fresh as a giant refreshed with new wine. God has not exhausted His supply of grace and blessings; you can be as fresh and full of the Holy Ghost as in the beginning of your warfare.

F. E. S.

"What Father Takes."

A little boy dining with his father at an hotel was asked by the waiter "What will you, dad?" "I'll take what father takes," "Well," said the father, "I'll take water." Parents! It is always best to do what you want your children to do.



"Come in to the Major and show him." It was Ensign Kinton's voice, as he held open the door between her office and the Editor's.

"Yes, all right," said Staff-Captain Friedrich, the worthy Trade manager, who came in.

"Willie," said the Editor, "run down stairs to the Financial office and tell Staff-Captain Streeter to come up, quick."

"Ensign Frith is here, Major," said Ensign Kinton.

"Oh, bring her in. Here, Ensign, sit down in the Editorial chair; there now, you have a good light, look at it. What do you think of it?"

"If the Canadian public don't like that they cannot go to heaven," chimed in Staff-Captain Friedrich.

"Tell them he says so," interjected Ensign Kinton.

"It's as good as you would get for a dollar at the store," said Staff-Captain Streeter, true to the last to the dollar and cents aspect.

"I don't think the Salvation Army has ever produced such a work of art," said the Editor.

"Not very few other publishers at the price," said the Trade Manager.

"It's just lovely," said an artist, who was present.

Ensign Frith thought it beautiful; it for anyone, anywhere.

"Frame it and exhibit it in the new window below," Staff-Captain," said the Editor.

"Yes; and exhibit it at the principal bazaar," cried another.

Kirk visitors, animatedly.

"Here, Willie, take this advertisement down to the press," said the Editor.

What was it all about? Why, "that thing of beauty," the HANDED SUPPLEMENT OF THE "WAR CRY."

To express non-appreciation of it will be a reflection on your want of taste.

After the Opera is Over.

We know what will be urged against the cleaning of the stables. The "cuss" will go elsewhere—the filth will break out to another place. One answer is, Hercules—the Law—must be ready to nip the difficulty in the bud. The commission of these wrongs, which enter like a cancer into the heart of a people, should be made more difficult than ever—in short, not allow to be impossible. And that this can be done, we have only to point to the action of the police authorities this week. By the simplest of tactics they have unearthed the truth about some of London's clubs.

"After the opera is over" begins a carnival of the most hideous and destructive character. Subterranean London furnishes by night views that slay its thousands by day. The result of the discovery and the punishment of the evildoers is out of all proportion, however, to the offences that we committed. What is a fine of £14 to a man possessing the wealth of a club manager? A few brandy and sodas, and a cigar of a shilling each, will soon right his balance, and the dancing and the drinking and the immorality will go on. Now conditions of life demand new laws. The clubs of London have so multiplied that vines not contemplated at their origin have sprung into existence. The hand of the legislator is, therefore, needed. Man-time, parents and guardians should be wary of the insidious manner under which these traps to the young are presented. There is only one safe road by which to escape their influence. That lies in the consecration of ourselves to the highest service, in which the pleasures of the soul and the mind are undisturbed by the dross of selfishness and the curse of sensuality. That service, need we say, is Christ's.—(D. K. Goette.)

My farewell over, I started delirious; and I did, in the strength of my fight was "tough," was expressing it; crowds small, plain authorization down on us, and fire but it drove us on our knees. I half months now sensation strike—some of these have gone to heaven.

Orders came for Listered, where racks was burned two days after. Some months of open-air fighting then we landed a small ship, fitted rejoiced in seeing a number of

Souls Saved

before my orders came to farewell to Bethwell. The seven months I put in at Listered, was confined the eight and a half I spent at Bethwell.

The Commissioner has succeeded in sending a boy as a volunteer to the front. He was the only one of our comrades; but time showed all right, as the corps was just a lad. We had sixty soldiers when

"Hedgecote is to be your next," as we proceeded there. Of six weeks I was felled, and sent at the Chatham Division.

months, I was sent back again to battle difficulties which had arisen. I put in ten months also, for I was with me.

"We had a ravine in the front, and came through it."

"Berlin, that's pretty tough."

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BY-GONE BATTLES

Ensign Moore Remembers The Past.

Singing at School—Work on the Farm—A Dry Goods Store—O Field—Barrecks Burst—"Such Raughts and Toughts"—A Father Promoted Ensign—A Victory Still.

In the village of North Gower was a place, about twenty-five miles from there to Richmond, Ontario, part of my school days were put through I advanced rapidly in my time was rather short, as my father not well-to-do, and it was often stay at home from school to work. I always remember how

The Old School Teacher

used to sing as a song on Friday and this was always a treat to us. I was passionately fond of music. In fact, we much pleasure to listen to a who used to work at our house singing.

"Joyfully, joyfully, onward we march, Also to take part in singing."

"Still we gather at the river and other songs sang in the day years afterwards."

Later on, my lot was cast in place.

Work on the Farm

and other inconveniences hindered till at about the age of fifteen, my were over; then I had to face the ties of life, and go to work steadily.

It was while attending a revival at God's Spirit strove with me. I twelve years of age, but the comings, and the people who attend are green in my memory to-day.

no there. Though older people are believed in me, I had real joy in my soul. But the care of the cradled the spark of love out of leaving a vacant place.

My first glimpse of the Army, eight years after, when they were the streets of Chilton, singing

Songs of Salvation,

which drew me to the Town Hall of God was leading me to a life of surrender to His will. This surrender on the 20th of May, 1884.

I was then working in a dry goods store. God gave me blessed hours, and where I worked, as a corps.

My application for the field was a post-card, and read as follows:—"DEAR COMMISSIONER,—If you in the gap to keep one soul from going, I am to go."

This brought my terms in a few acceptance followed in July, 1888.

My First Station

was Godrich, as Cadet, where I was leading me to a life of surrender to His will. This surrender on the 20th of May, 1884.

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Souls Saved

before my orders came to farewell to Bethwell. The seven months I put in at Listered, was confined the eight and a half I spent at Bethwell.

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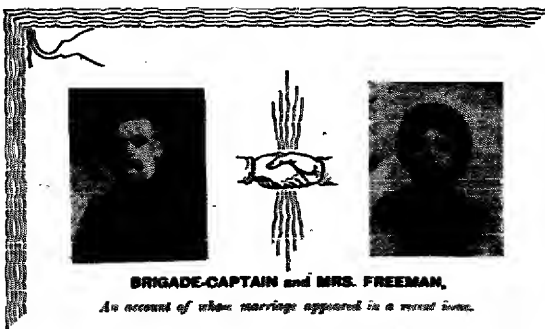
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BRIGADE-CAPTAIN AND MRS. FREEMAN.

An account of whose marriage appeared in a recent issue.

The Mitrailleuse

The man who labors under a delusion ought to strive against long hours.

There are seven hundred soldiers in the Arctic Division.

Midnight open-air are a success in Jacksonville, U. S. A.

When to change the conversation—when they talk scandal.

The Light Brigade—Grace before meat—Scheme has now been started in Australia.

It was not, and never will be, the intention to make the Wards into Bible classes.

New Zealand's Self-Denial contribution is £300 in excess of the previous years.

A shilling a week will keep a jungle officer in India.

Four Chinamen are accepted as Cadets at Calcutta.

There are 200 lynchings per year in the United States—with a few negro burnings thrown in.

"I may be a heathen and grind the face of the poor, but a Christian I cannot be."—G. H. BROTHSON.

Even excluding those in the city, there are now no fewer than 14,108 places for the sale of intoxicating liquor in London.

Amos I—Lord Timpstone has written a letter to the Times, advocating the inoculation of insouciance in all State aided schools.

The Catholic priest of Hanford takes a War Cry every week, frequently paying fifty cents for it.

In Wapping, there is a street of 214 houses, of which 36 are used for the sale of intoxicating liquors.

Nothing is older than fault-finding. No talent, no self-denial, no character is required to set up in the grumbling business.

We continue to receive from America and elsewhere, letters from Japs and others anxious to help in the opening of Japan.

If our Lord had always travelled about in His palanquin, one poor woman, who was healed by touching the hem of His garment, might have perished.

Over 65,000 people spent last Christmas in the workhouses of London, and another 39,000 would have been added to that awful number if outdoor relief had not been given.

A young man recently got saved at the San Francisco City Prison during an Army fall meeting. He knelt right on the prison floor, gave himself to Jesus, and then testified to it.

Eight hundred of the world's fourteen hundred millions are still without the Gospel invitation.

All the ministers, all the clergies, all the police, and many of the publicans and sinners of Birmingham (N.Y.) appear to be

ready contributors to our free meal activities there.

The heathen Chinese have just invented a new kind of punishment for cases of insouciance. For the first offence, the thief is branded on the right cheek with the Chinese sign of thief, and for the second offence on the left cheek.

Three gentlemen of Waterbury (Conn.) are financing the Army's opening of a large wood-yard for the employment of penitents out-of-work. This is only a short run from New York, and promises to be a conspicuous success.

It curses him that gives and him that takes. An American officer, unaware of the nature of alcohol, attempted to dampen the barbers' fire with a pint bottle that a penitent had given up. The alcohol flamed up like powder, and the officer was terribly burned.

The devil recently got a drunken man to dance to the music of the Army officers in an Arizona open-air meeting. But he found he had overdone his mark when the drunkard followed from the saloon to the barbers, and got gloriously saved.

A straw to show which way the wind blows—Mrs. McFie was refused of a heavy basket while walking along the street, by a little navy-boy who carried it to the ferry for her, and then on bidding her good bye, presented her with a daily paper.

"My G—! there's more than ever. I don't believe there's a ship or a stone in Marshalltown but what there's Salvationists under," mumbled the City Marshal, when, after arresting the procession, and, as he thought, locking up all the corps, he found a swarmed meeting in full swing at the barracks. Local Christians had come in full force to protest against interference with our open-air operations.

As OTHERS SEE US.—Captain Hoyer, a Norwegian says, "I have often thought, when I see English steamers in foreign ports, loading and discharging without the least regard for the Sabbath, that every hour they, in such manner, are stealing from the Lord. He will make them pay back by letting their steamers lie idle for days and weeks and months."

Just outside the window of the San Francisco Editorial room, where the Captain stopped a few minutes for an opinion, the hall-keeper on policeman stopped into the ring, and told the boys he wasn't out to break their heads with a club, but that it was now his business to tell them of a Savior Who could break their hearts with love.

An Australian farmer, when asked to contribute to Self-Denial, replied that he could not do so, being impoverished by a dingo (wild dog) having killed several of his sheep; if he could not kill the fierce animal, he would give the value of its skin to the Army. In a very few days his enemy was delivered into his hand, and its skin was sold for £2 12s., which was forthwith handed over to the Army. The death of the dingo was more profitable still to the sheep-owner.

The chameleon crew has reached Montreal, which has just received 10,000 of these interesting little animals. They each have a chain around their neck, which is closely attached to the breast-pin worn by the devotee to this latest of the foolish fashions. The novelty consists in the fact that the lively little creatures change color several times daily. The humane societies of several American cities, have succeeded in prohibiting their sale, and the Montreal officials are considering similar action.

Reader! the uncertainty of life may shortly be brought home to you in the most tragic manner for which you know. Therefore, be wise, and make immediate preparation for eternity. Please read the following record of many who entered into the unseen world at short notice: "The fatal accidents occurring in industrial pursuits in Great Britain during December, 1893, as reported, were as follows: In factories and workshops, fifty-six; in mines, seventy-two; and on railroads, thirty-three. The number of deaths from wounds, casualty, or accident reported as having occurred at sea in December, was in the aggregate, 267, or 252 more than in the previous month. Accidents not resulting in death, numbered 723 in factories and workshops, 335 in mines, and 227 on railways."

A Birmingham firm manufactures golden crowns for the customers, among them several hundred African kings. These earthly crowns will pass away, but not so with those everlasting crowns of glory laid up in heaven for those faithful warriors of Christ, who endure to the end.

Major-General Herbert, commander of the Canadian militia, has issued some new rules for the volunteers, one of which provides, that in future, sining of companies will not be carried on. Companies are to be sized roughly from tanks to centre, but as cohesion within the section is of more importance than "company sining, brother, soldier, or 'charge'" can be placed in the same section without reference to size, on the principle that relatives or friends can fight more desperately together in each other's defense than "shoulder to shoulder," then when mixed promiscuously with strangers, or mere acquaintances.

NOT BEEN? WHY, BLESS YOU, I AM SURPRISED!

It's every Friday evening in Great Britain.

A Little About Everybody.

Colonel Barker visited the Bristol Prison.

Major Schoch is going to the south of Germany for two months.

Colonel Swenson leads the Norwegian sixth anniversary services.

Commander Ballington Booth has now taken to using a cabinet organette for the accompaniment of his sermons.

For the benefit of Anglo-Argentinians, Major CIBBENS is starting a twenty-four-page quarterly at Buenos Ayres.

The West Australian Premier, Sir John Forrest, has promised Staff-Captain Hunter, D.O., a license to marry.

Mrs. Bramwell Booth says, "Some people think that good desires should simply be framed—things to look at or talk over. No such thing!"

The Chief of the Staff has conducted an All-night of Prayer at Brighton, held a meeting with the International Headquarters Band, and visited the Farm Colony.

Commander Howard is engaged planning the details of the first great Provincial Cities' Campaign.

Major Condy's revival in the village of Embs, is reported to be very remarkable. The number and character of the conversions have tended to raise the whole spiritual tone of the district in which he is laboring.

"Annie Norton," of Green Valley, is all that heart and reality came out with the following declaration that her immortal, dry soul was on the road to heaven.

Commissioner Booth-Tucker was to have for the North of Europe, and will own's Colonel Taylor, Colonel Swenson and Commander Ouchterlony to their new command.

The General arrived from his soldier and officers' Councils, after visiting Ball, Leeds, Middlesbrough, Sunderland and Newcastle.

A French General named Milline, the dog of the army, died recently at the age of ninety-five. He had been a total abstainer from intoxicating liquor all his life, and, in the last, was strong and vigorous.

At Creix, in France, near the Belgian border the Prefect has forbidden all its activities of the Armee du Salut. Portuguese will take the chair at one of our meetings every day.

A captain, lately transferred from India to Australia, says: "One day I called on Anni Pasha, the Egyptian exile; had a pleasant chat, and prayed in his bungalow before leaving."

In this a telegraphic coincidence? "Holl on!" was chosen in England by Commissioner Booth, for the title of his Christmas War Cry article, or, about, the same time as her sister, Colonel Rahani, chose the same words for the Indian motto for 1894.

Our first blood officer has just graduated at our Rajpootana Training Garrison, when he was a fellow-Officer of Y. and, who had been the means of his conversion. This Y. and is an African, one of a family of six, all of whom are now Salvation Army officers.

What are we coming to? The Mayor and Members of St. Leonards held a banquet at the Congregational club, in honor of the visit to their city of Major and Mrs. French. Auxiliaries were made of many of the one hundred guests. That's satisfactory.

Captain Kama Lai visits every house in the village of Rajpoot every day, and goes in each house. If the inmates of any house happen to be out, and the door shut, he looks in front of the door and prays that God will bless and save them wherever they may be. Some have learned to pray with him. At one house all have got saved.

"Faithful over few, made ruler over many." Major Corcoran directs the Army's auxiliary organizations in the States of Ohio, Florida, North Carolina, Tennessee and Alabama. At one of his first American Captaincies, after leading meetings late at night, he would be up at six a.m. to chop fire-wood, or do other odd jobs to help finance his poor corps.

For tomorrow and as a prophecy of Salvation Army work in future days, we commend to our readers a few words appearing by Miss Perry to Miss G. A. Davis, of *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Weekly*: "We may be Utopians," said the Major, "but we look for the day when we can give to every man the shelter he needs, and to every woman the protection she deserves."—New York War Cry.

Thus writes Major Foster French: "War Cry selling upon the business street and from door to door was one of the greatest soul harvests I ever had; it did me good in my soul, helped me to make many friends, and enabled me to speak to scores about their souls whom I never would have gotten at in any other way. It's a sure cure for spiritual blindness and danger."

The late C. N. Spurgeon wrote: "Political economy gives the workman what it meets, let Christianity commands that we give him what we should." "Master, give us a new master that which is best and equal; is a gift command of the Christian's law-book, and at the peril of being unknown by the Lord at last, may the master give his servant less."

Son

"Sing unto the inhabitant of Zion, for

England.

BY GEORGE LOGAN.

TUNE—To banks and brooks. ("B.B.")

Ye soldiers dressed in red and
Who seek the reconnoitre and
When o'er comes the disclosure
Don't be down-hearted, foot

CHORUS.

Don't be down-hearted,
Don't be down-hearted,
Cheer up, and gain the vict'

Ye Saviors, when He was be-
Ft' money a time His heart
And crushed w' cruel grief,< I
That only made Him foot

There's no a homie flower the
But has its day o' wind and
And afterwards new life rears
So joy age follows after pain

United States

BY BENSON GEORGE WOOD.

TUNE—Ella Rhea.

Dear Lord, I long just now to
Burn with fire that once I
The old time fire that once I
Giving me perfect rest.

OLD CHURCH.

Oh, come and lead me to the
Of Jesus' precious blood,
That I may there be filled with
The fullness of my God!

Oh, how my soul desires to be
One Thou canst trust down
To take Thy message to the
And speak out without fear

Just now, dear Saviour, be
With Thine everlasting power;
And let me feel within my soul
Thy presence every hour.

Australia.

BY M. E. SHERRY.

TUNE—Though I've wandered far.

Blessed Jesus, He has saved me
Set my spirit free;
Though my soul and sin was
Now I've liberty.

CHORUS.

Now that Christ the Lord hath
His I'll ever be;
Now that Christ the Lord hath
His I'll ever be.

Long I felt my sin a burden,
Long I sought for peace;
When I came in faith to Jesus,
He gave sweet release.

I am firmly trusting Jesus,
Trusting every day;
He will keep me, lead me, guide me
On the heavenly way.

India.

BY KUNIAI BHAI, CAPTAIN.

TUNE—Joy, joy, joy.

4 Fight, fight, fight,
For the devil still is living,
Fight, fight, fight,
In the ranks of the great S. A.
We will fight for the right
And drive the hosts of hell,
As we pray every day,
See our members how they awe
With a love for the lost by sin
We will march every day
And bring the sinners to Calvary
For Christ to set them free.

Pray, pray, pray,
The victory comes by praying;
Pray, pray, pray,
For the prayer of faith prevails.
I declare, for a prayer
Prophet Daniel was entreated;
But his faith kept him safe
And the lions not even escaped
The shut up with them in a den
His faith was in One far greater
He says his trust in God, and
His prayer brought victory.

YOU
— WILL BE CHARMED WITH —
The Easter Cry and Supplement

Songs of the Nations.

"Sing unto the Lord; for He hath done excellent things; this is known in all the earth. Cry out and shout, thou inhabitant of Zion, for great is the Holy One of Israel in the midst of thee."—ISAIAH.

England.

BY GEORGE LOGAN.

TYPE—Ye tanks and brass. ("R.J." No. 56.)

1 Ye soldiers dressed in red and blue,
Who seek the rescue one and a,
When o'er comes the discouragement,
Don't be down-hearted, feet and a!

CHORUS.

Don't be down-hearted,
Don't be down-hearted,
Cheer up, and gain the victory!

(Repeat.)

For sorrow, when He was below,
For many a time His heart was sore,
And crushed with cruel grief, but, oh,
That only made Him fight the more!

There's no a looser flower that blooms
But too its day of wind and rain,
And afterwards new life renews,
So joy always follows after pain.

United States.

BY EUGENE GEORGE WOOD.

TYPE—Ella Rhos.

2 Dear Lord, I long just now to have,
Burning within my breast,
The old time fire that once I had,
Giving me perfect rest.

OLD CHORUS.

Oh, come and lead me to the fount
Of Jesus' precious blood,
That I may there be filled with all
The fulness of my God!

Oh, how my soul desires to be
One Thou must trust down here
To take Thy message to the world,
And speak out without fear!

Just now, dear Saviour, no hesitations
With Fatherhood's power;
And let me feel within my soul
Thy presence every hour.

Australia.

BY M. E. GREEN.

TYPE—Though I've wandered far from Jesus.

3 Blessed Jesus, He has saved me,
Set my spirit free;
Though my soul by sin was fettered,
Now I've liberty.

CHORUS.

Now that Christ the Lord hath saved me,
His I'll ever be,
Now that Jesus the Lord hath saved me,
His I'll ever be.

Long I felt my sins a burden,
Long I sought for peace;
When I came in faith to Jesus,
He gave sweet release.

I am firmly trusting Jesus,
Trusting every day,
He will keep me, lead me, guide me,
On the heavenly way.

India.

BY NURUL HUSSAIN, CAPTAIN.

TYPE—Joy, joy, joy.

4 Fight, fight, fight,
For the devil still is living,
Fight, fight, fight,
In the ranks of the great S. A.;

We will fight for the right,
And drive the hosts of hell,
As we pray every day,
So our numbers how they swell.

With a love for the lost by us expressed,
We will march away the temptations,
And bring the sinners to Calvary's cross,
For Christ to set them free.

Pray, pray, pray,
The victory comes by praying;
Pray, pray, pray;
For the prayer of faith prevails.

I declare, for a prayer:
Prophecy Daniel was interpreted;
But his faith kept him safe,
And the lions not even escaped.

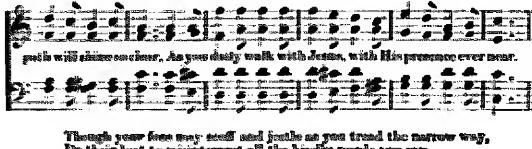
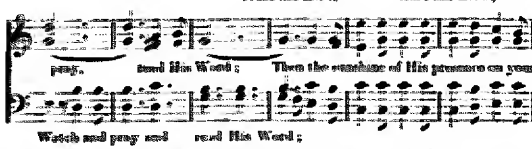
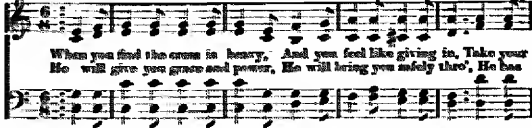
Thou shalt up with them in a thousand den,
His faith was in One far greater than men;
He kept his trust in God, and then
His prayer brought victory.

Trust the Lord.

Words by RAND SEED, F. TRIMMERMAN.

Music by STAFF-CAPT. FRY.

Allegretto, mf.



Though your feet may swell and shake as you tread the narrow way,
In their best to mount up all the kindly words you say,
As you daily strive to lead them from the path of sin and shame,
Fighting them to Calvary's Victim, to the Lamb for sinners slain.

No you'll find that trusting Jesus makes your pathway, oh, so bright,
Drives away all doubtful feelings, turns the darkness into light;
Shaken your hearts or with grief, so that others catch the fire,
Ever glad to do His bidding, of His service me to tire.

San Francisco.

BY J. CHASTAIN.

TYPE—We'll stand the storm. ("R.J." No. 55.)

6 The Lord has pardoned all our sin,
And called us forth to war;
And in the strength of Christ, our King,
Of victory we're sure.

CHORUS.

We'll fight 'gainst sin,
And we'll never give in;
We'll have victory through the blood:
To the last we will tell
Of salvation from hell,
And bring them back to God.

Once we were far away from God,
And lured by Satan's chain;
But now we're washed in Jesus' blood,
And cleansed from every stain.

Though oft the devil tempts us over,
To give up in the fight,
Yet still we glory in the War,
It is our God's delight.

Then when our fighting here is o'er,
The warrior's sword laid down;
We'll meet on the eternal shore,
And wear the victor's crown.

New Zealand.

BY J. CHASTAIN.

TYPE—Lord Jesus, I long to be perfectly whole.

5 So weak and so helpless, I come, Lord to Thee,
I'm coming for power, Lord; now give it to me;
I need Thee to guide me through each trying hour;
I'm coming to Thee to be filled with Thy power.

CHORUS.

Fill me with power, Lord: fill me with power;
Thy love to proclaim, Lord, oh, fill me with power!

Ah, I can't go; all attempts would prove vain;
Then hast helped in the past—I am coming again;
Thy grace is sufficient, though dangers be near;
I'll trust in Thy word, and go without fear.

Dear Saviour, a love like Thine own now I crave,
That I with Thy power may go forth unto to save.

Myself I am bringing; my all, nothing less;
I want, Lord, to live only others to bless.

ITEMS.

F. M. K.

Ornithologists estimate that 8,000,000 birds are annually sacrificed to the vanity of American women. If birds only had intelligence to know the Salvation Army doctrine, how they would chirp around our homes in swarms.

Charles Ridebeck, who went to the Pacific Coast in 1858, as a soldier, and there married the daughter of a Mexican rancher, from whom he received the ground on which the city of San Francisco now stands, was admitted to the poorhouse in that city not long ago.

Your gold will waste and wear away,
Your honors perish in a day;
My portion, never can I change—Christ for me.

A woman was arraigned before the Chicago Police Court for trying to commit suicide. She said, between her sons, that her husband had been out of work and she could not bear to see her children starve. She was discharged.

A diamond has been found larger than the Kohinoor, and is called "Excelsior." It was found in the mines of Johannesburg, Cape Colony, by Captain Jorgensen, inspector of the mines. It is a stone of the purest water, and is worth about a million sterling. Exceptional precautions were taken to have it conveyed from the mine to the coast. A squadron of the 16th Lancashire Guarded the carriage to Cape Town, from which it was brought to London in the gun boat *Andropoe*. It weighs about seven carat. It has a smooth lustre—white, with a very slight bluish tint. Also! like no much of this world's treasure, in the heart of it is a black spot, which they hope to remove in the cutting. The pearl I possess, I would not exchange for the Kohinoor and Kohinoor together. Glory!

A ton of pure gold is worth \$202,799.21; \$1,000,000 gold coin weighs 3,695 4-5 pounds. A ton of silver is worth \$37,704.84; 7 oz. diamond is worth \$1,000,000.00.

Strange, isn't it? Our Father made the above things as easily as the rest of the globe. When the world is on fire their value will be the same as rocks; yes, not so valuable to some, who will cry for the rocks to fall on them and shelter from the raging fury of an angry and then indignant God. Let us be ready, and while mercy is extended, enter in.

"Salvation Oil," is the name of a remedy for pains; twenty-five cents per bottle. What next!

Nothing but the salvation of God will ever cure the many heart pains of the world: free, without money or price. Glory to God!

It would require 12,000 cholera microbes to span one inch, and yet one is need for the scourge of a nation. You fear it, and rightly; but, oh, beware of that more awful little, little, small, small sin.

India has 50,000,000 Mohammedans and only 12,000 Salvationists.

The world's population is 1,400,000,000, and of this number 800,000,000 have not Christ preached to them. There is work for the Army somewhere.

Among the millions of Africa only 1,004,773 come under the appellation "Christian."

Rev. Dr. Talnage, after twenty-five years in one corps, resigns, this spring, for some other field.

A Methodist church, at Dubuque, has split, because on a Friday evening's service "Ta-ra-boom-de-ay" was played.

"EASTER SYMBOLS,"

—BY—
The New Beacon Secretary in the Easter Special.

"Mind the Little Things,"

—AND—
COME TO THE
Y. W. C. A. MEETING
—FRIDAY NIGHT.

